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Mr John Wm Rice,  
with the reports of  
John D Perry

Albany.

Nov. 1890.

Perry











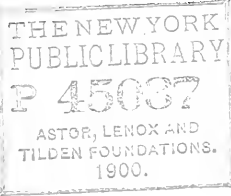


In Memoriam.

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Mary Elizabeth Perry.

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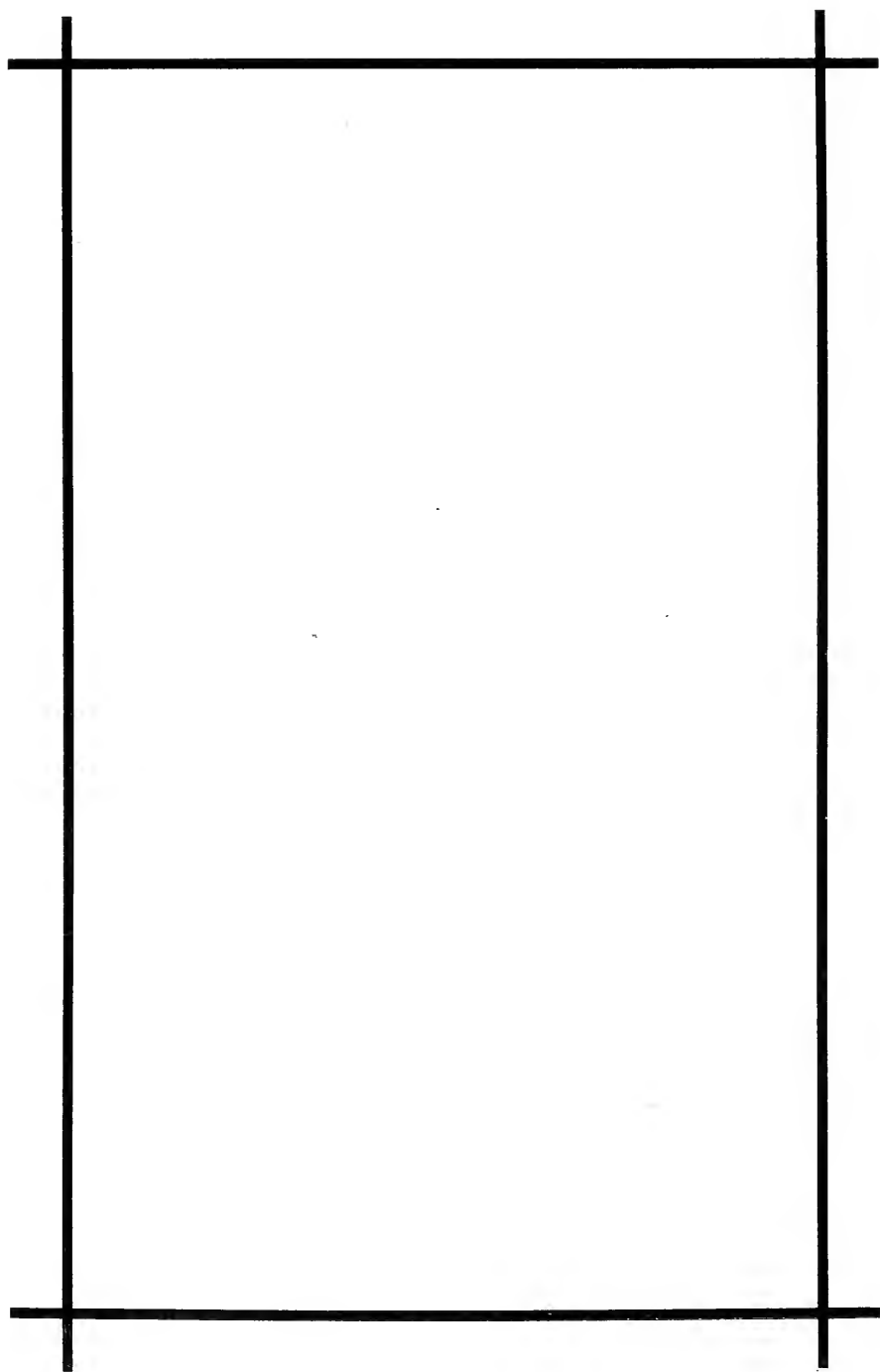
*From the Albany Evening Journal, June 30, 1869.*

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**Died.**

Wednesday, June 30th, MARY ELIZABETH WYMAN, wife  
of JOHN S. PERRY.

Funeral services at St. Peter's Church, on Friday, at  
4 P.M. The remains will be removed to Woburn, Mass.



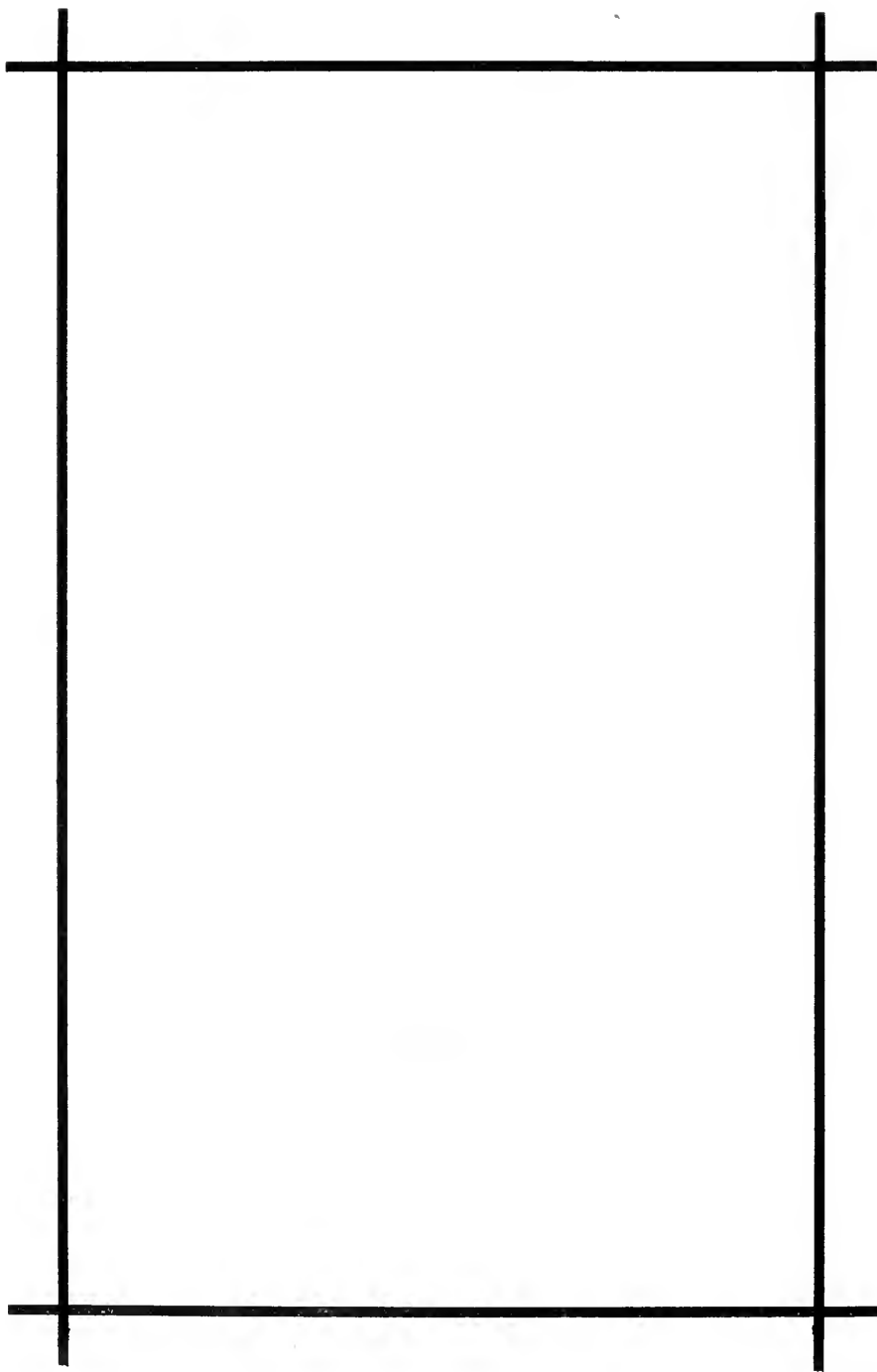


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“Death ! great proprietor of all ! ’tis thine  
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.  
The sun himself by thy permission shines,  
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.  
Amidst such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ?  
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak’d on me ?  
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain.”

YOUNG.

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## Introduction.

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THIS memorial of the late Mrs. PERRY gratifies the wish of some among her friends to linger, tenderly and lovingly, among their recollections of her life and character.

Her circle of friends was a wide one, and the effort she delighted to make in order to give pleasure to those whom she drew around her, always deepened the interest with which the acquaintance began.

In a very brief, but very happy, married life, she had won her way to the regard of those to whom it introduced her, and her departure withdrew a graceful and genial presence from scenes which it had brightened. She had much, and she was much, to be thankful for; and her earthly future was full of promise, as her present was of happiness; and it is hard to be reconciled to the blighting of such a present and future. For she was young, and

vigorous, and very full of vitality; and no one thought of this calamity as possible, until it became imminent. It seemed as if she had everything to live for, and every promise of living—in the years that were opening before her—a life of happiness and usefulness, for both of which her experiences had largely qualified her.

A remarkable evenness of temper, a most excellent judgment, a strong will, a ready and retentive memory of persons and events, a quick perception of character, and a facility in throwing herself into the thoughts and interests of those she was with, in conjunction with her agreeable manners and her unfailing attentiveness to the proprieties of social and domestic intercourse, made her presence always a pleasure and an influence.

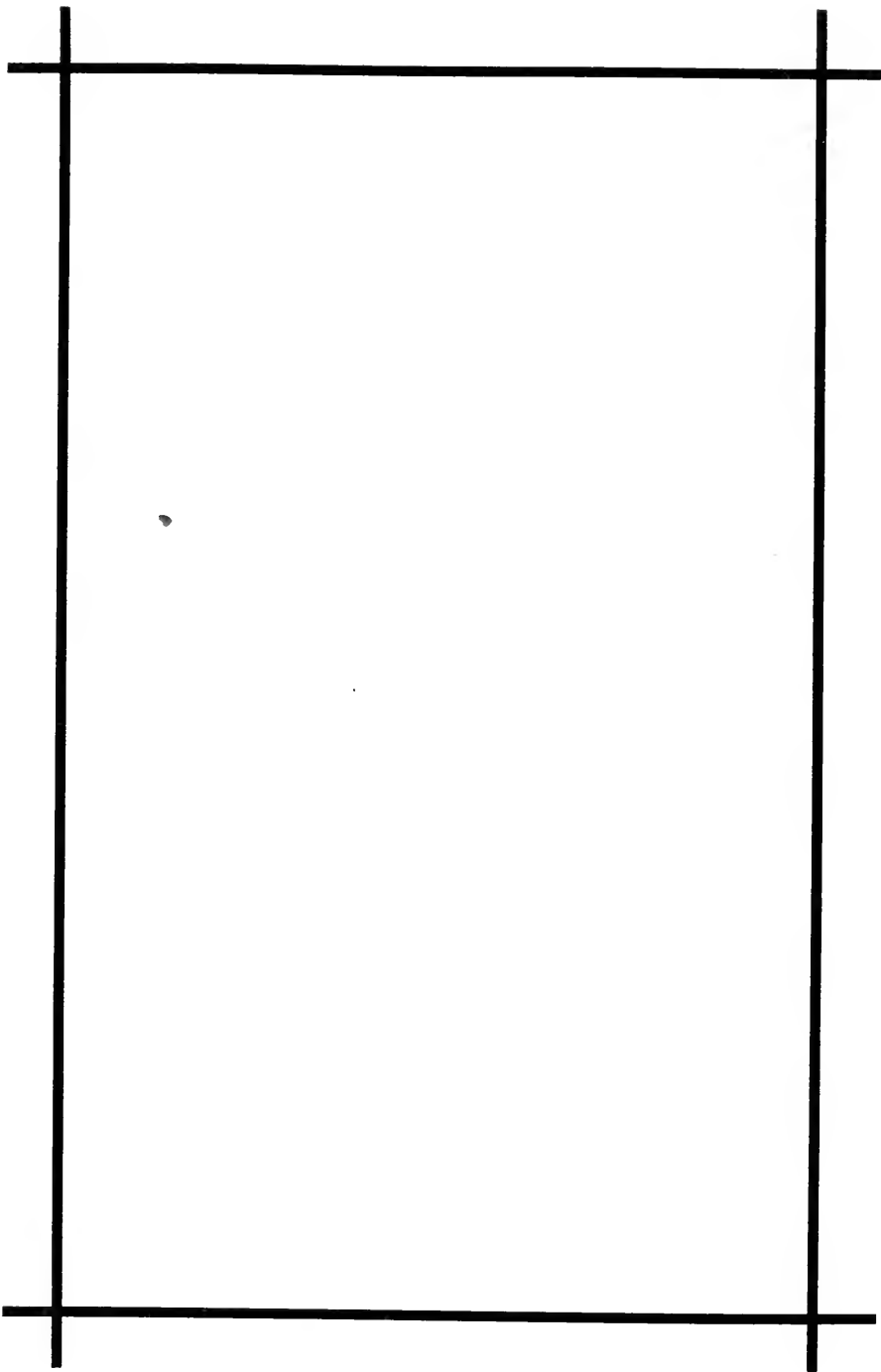
Prominent among her qualities of heart was that inestimable gift of good nature, which goes so far to smooth the intercourse of people with each other. She was not easily stirred to animosities, nor cherished them; but she did cherish all the kindlinesses which met her in her life, and lived chiefly in them. She retained her intimacies through all changes, and delighted to *cultivate* her friends, and make them feel that their regards were valuable to her. But her nearest intimates could not discern that she dwelt

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on injuries or unkindnesses that she had met with. It may almost be said of her, that she never remembered an enemy, and never forgot a friend.

Her gentle and genial influence was chiefly felt, where always a true woman most desires it to be. And there was a loss, in its withdrawal, which cannot be adequately told, and a vacancy which must be filled, either with recollections of the past, or with hopes of the future. May it be the latter!

The day of her final interment was one of the saddest of November's gray and melancholy days: the leaden sky, the sere leaves falling in the wood, the silence of Nature, and of man, in the presence of that which was, and is to be, but is not—all this, while it may seem to express to a sorrowing heart the emptiness of the present, may yet remind a grateful and a believing heart of the fullness of the past, and the greater fullness of the future. And it was pleasant to note that the ground in which she rests in Woburn Cemetery lies sloping to the sunrise—a silent suggestion to souls that shroud themselves in sorrow, that they open themselves to the light and comfort that comes of looking forward rather than backward—in their darkness waiting for the sun.

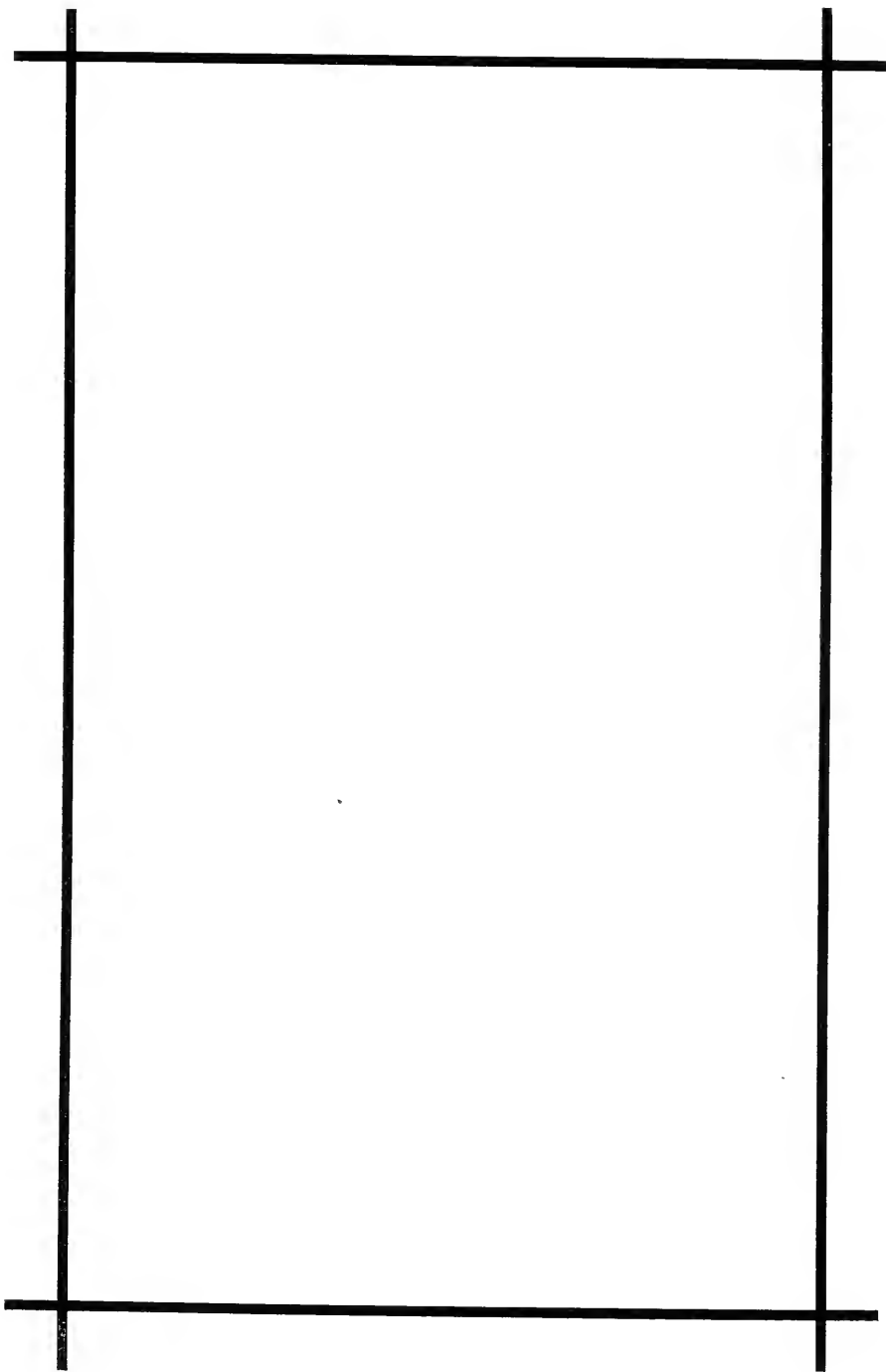


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“ Our dying friends come o’er us, like a cloud,  
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate  
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.  
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth  
Our rugged paths to death ; to break those bars  
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws  
’Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make  
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev’ry storm.  
Each friend by fate snatch’d from us is a plume  
Pluck’d from the wing of human vanity.”

YOUNG.

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## From the Bishop of Albany.

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MY DEAR FRIEND:—As I shall always count it among the privileges of my pastoral life to have known Mrs. PERRY, in the relations of intimate interest, so must I regard it as among the losses of my life that I could not minister the consolations of our most holy religion to her, in the hours of her sickness, nor to you, in the first falling of your bitter bereavement. It is a pleasing and grateful office to gather into a few unworthy words my recollections of her, which may tend, if so God bless them, to comfort your sorrow as well.

Of such a woman as your wife, because of the eminent womanliness of her retiring modesty — even more, now, because of the sacred enshrining of her soul in the deep peace of Paradise — any man's words must be few, and must be unequal.

I saw her chiefly in the social and religious side of her character. Winning, at the very threshold of acquaintance, in her ways and words, the impression of her attractiveness deepened as she welcomed a friend into the closer confidence that shared her more sacred thoughts. The grace of her cultivated taste, and her sympathy with "whatsoever is lovely," were the easily-taken and securely-kept polish of a gifted mind, a strong, clear, thoughtful intellect, and a spiritual nature. Never studied, and never with any evidence of effort, or aiming at effect, the inner beauty of her nature was transparent in every casual movement and word. One felt at home with

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her, because of her quick insight into points of common interest, and ready adaptation to them. And the charm of her manner was in its fair reflection of the fairer soul within. Her sympathy with nature, her appreciation of art, her acquaintance with books, her literary accomplishments, without a tinge of pedantry, made her at every turn, and upon every topic, fresh and full of thought. And none could fail to feel the charm of her social grace.

There is a depth beneath all this, with which a stranger does not intermeddle; a wealth of affection, of which I do not presume to speak. Where so much warmth and brightness were given out to the outer circle of acquaintance and in frequent association, the sunshine must have been most gracious and most precious near its source. But as I had the great pleasure of dealing with that even deeper part of her

nature, her conscience and her soul, in the intense realities of religious obligation, I may speak somewhat of that.

Coming from a New England atmosphere, where intellect is deified, and æsthetics so much comprise the religious life, and control the religious preference, her submission to the teachings of the Catholic faith was the more striking in its completeness and in its simplicity. Her religious faith had always been reverent, and had always really recognized the doctrine of the Trinity, as so many do, who miscall themselves Unitarians, for lack of a better name, and a fairer understanding of the Church. She brought the mature convictions of her soul, and the mature experience of her religious life, to the test of the Church's teachings. She reasoned, without resistance. She inquired, without the crucial curiosity of speculation. Of

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course, the first leading to all this, was, in the good providence of God, a social and personal influence. But when she came to look into the doctrines of the Church, she brought a deference to the Church's authority as a teacher, which inclined and enabled her to learn. It was a striking instance of this, to my mind, that she came readily and regularly to the confirmation class, though I was frequently with her for private preparation, and though I told her that the class was mainly for young people. Still she came and took her place with the children, and, like a true "lover of God," was "catechised in the things," of whose certainty she afterwards informed herself by faithful study at home. And so she came well furnished and convinced to the solemn step of her self-consecration, with her clear mind and her clean heart, the simplest

and the humblest, and among the most mature, of all who sealed their vows that day. It was not, of course, to her, the beginning of a religious experience. It was rather the transplanting, into a more congenial soil and kinder clime, the fair flower of a Christian profession which had great fragrance and beauty in the very different atmosphere of another system. How it expanded more and more, and deepened into such perfection as made it a fit flower for the Lord's Garden, those who were nearest to her felt and saw. The sense of rest and peace, of satisfaction and security, that filled her soul, I knew; and her love for the Lord's House, her absorbed attention in its services, her reverent Communions, and the serene dignity of her life, "witnessed her good confession" before angels and men. We may well believe that she went "from strength to

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strength," and "unto the God of Gods" hath she appeared, in Zion.

There are so many threads of thought, to lead the heart away, amid the wandering mazes of so inscrutable a Providence as your wife's death, that one hardly knows to which one most helpfully to turn. Of the great gain to them who win that "better thing" to "depart and be with Christ;" of the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord; of the restoration in our Heavenly Father's kingdom of the lost loves of earth; of the mutual recognition, and the intense and eternal union of the faithful departed after death; of these I need not speak to you again. The thought of the present condition of our beloved who have entered before us into rest, and of their relations to us here, seem to me the nearest and the most absorbing subjects of our thought. Thanks be to God, for

the unspeakable gift of the teaching of the Catholic Church on these two points. Outlines only they are; for, the substance, the reality, the fruition, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." But they are strong, suggestive outlines; dear and infinitely comforting in the staggering blindness of our tears, our fears, our loneliness, and in the confused materialness of the teachings of recent systems and sects.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them."

"With His right hand shall He cover them, and with His arm shall He protect them."

So the ecclesiastical writer suggests the full force of the meaning of our symbolic word Hell, or Hades, which is simply a covered, protected place. As though the scene of Moses on the rock were re-enacted constantly with these holy souls, "not without us made perfect," who cannot yet have the full fruition of



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God's unveiled glory, but bask in the vision of the King in His beauty. As though the pleading entreaty of the Confirmation prayer found its fulfillment in the serene safety of that blessed abode: "Let Thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, *ever be* OVER them." "The soul of the faithful, when it is delivered from the burthen of the flesh, is in joy and felicity," and yet it obtains not the final consummation of bliss. This is the delivery of the Church. As the human soul of Jesus, with its attendant witness—the cleansed soul of the penitent and forgiven sinner—passed into the place of departed spirits; as the soul of Lazarus lay in the bosom of Abraham—so every living soul of every child of God enters not at once upon its eternal condition, or into its everlasting home, but hears the promise which upbears it in the mortal agony of that terrible

sundering of flesh and spirit: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." It is not the reward attained; it is the rest entered into. It is not the crown received, but it is the cross laid down. It is not fruition, but it is faith without a fear. No more uncertainty, no more doubt, no more temptation, no more strife, no more sight or suggestion of sin; but the simple waiting, the expectation, with delay but with no doubt of satisfaction; assurance that cannot be shaken nor endangered; the lying still as a child in a father's bosom (it is the Lord's own figure); the shelter and security under the shadow of the Father's hand. "Without us they are not made perfect." Not until the Son of Man shall come; *then*, and not till *then*, shall the righteous go away into life eternal. Meanwhile, the disembodied spirits are in prison, the place of safe keeping, unto

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which, quickened as to His human soul, the dear Lord Himself went down. It cannot be that this is a mere senseless sleep. The Breath of the Divine Life, born into immortality in Holy Baptism, and nourished and fed into deathless eternity by the Body and Blood of Christ, cannot slumber. We know of the prayers of the holy souls beneath the altar that cry, "How long, O Lord, holy and true!" We catch in the Divine Liturgy the refrain of their ceaseless songs. We know of Jesus preaching to them there; we believe that the saints are joyful in glory, rejoicing in their beds. Much beyond this, we dare not intrude. The pretenders of to-day convict themselves of blasphemy, who presume to disquiet the spirits of the dead, by their contrast with the only man to whom was vouchsafed this vision and revelation of the Lord. St. Paul, caught up

to Paradise and into heaven, saw, not "things which it is *unlawful*," but, things which it is *impossible*, for a man to utter: a vision that cannot be put into words. And the uninspired mind of the Cluniac monk, that came the nearest in its rapt meditations to the heavenly country, breaks off in hopeless longing to utter its delight:

"I know not, O I know not  
 What social joys are there;  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What light beyond compare.

\* \* \* \* \*

O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
 How gloriously they rise;  
 O none can tell thy capitals,  
 Of beautiful device.

Thy loveliness oppresses  
 All human thought and heart;  
 And none, O peace, O Syon,  
 Can sing thee as thou art."

One has well described the threefold condition of the Lord's mystical body: that on

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earth the Church is militant, in Heaven triumphant, in Paradise at rest. And yet it is the rest of love, of adoration, of contemplation, of expectation, of unburthened and unhampered life.

The relation between us and the faithful dead, forms a fuller and larger part of the teaching and worship of the Church than men at first sight see. The Church's appointment of holy days, in which we commemorate the especial Saints of God; the very use of the Lord's Prayer, in which we ask for them the only thing they need to consummate their happiness, "Thy kingdom come;" the prayer beside the open grave, thanking God "for their good examples," and asking *for them as for ourselves* "perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul;" the Eucharistic supplication that we, with all God's Holy Church, may

obtain the benefits of Jesus' passion, and "*with them* be partakers of the Heavenly kingdom;" all these are our witness that we adhere to this consistent comfort of the Church's faith. That it is not the doctrine of Prayers for the Dead, as erroneously practiced, is plain; because we hold to no purgatorial fires, and believe in no power (wherewith to play, for money, on the loves and fears of men) to shorten or to avert the pains of those who suffer the penalty of unforgiven sins. But our oneness with them is living and inseparable, for "none can pluck them out of God's hand;" and "Christ," whose Body we and they are, "is not divided," though His members are *visibly* parted, by death.

Firm, too, our faith must be in their unflinching recollection of *us*, who still so sorely need their sympathy and prayers. That which the

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unconscious duty of our brethren in the Lord does for us here on earth, the conscious love of those who have been part of our hearts and lives cannot cease to do, in the incessant worship of Paradise. The thought of Lazarus undisturbed, and in entire rest, while the torments of Dives never reached his soul, and the assurance that, at every cost, their peace *must* be unruffled evermore, convince us that a consciousness of the strife, and sin, and sorrow, which are still in us and on the earth, cannot reach them. But in their loving oneness with the other members of the Lord's Body ; in their continuous, conscious life, involving their unbroken love for us ; nay, in the instinct of their own longings, which constrains them constantly to ask for the one thing that is the best for us as well (the second coming of the Lord) we *must* be still remembered in their prayers.

And this also is different by far from the thought of invoking the saints. That they pray for us, does not involve that we may pray to them, since they in Paradise are not *where* only prayer is addressed, and since the thought of worship, due *in any degree* to God only, is inseparable from prayer.

Our commemoration of them, their remembrance of us, keeping ever open the way between earth and Paradise, is the real fulfillment of the Master's promise that "the gates of Hell ('Hades' it is in the Greek) shall not prevail against" the Church. For this is the comfortable doctrine of the Communion of Saints; the grave bridged over, the gulf of death closed up, and the gates of the prison-house burst open and borne away.

Would God that we could live thus nearer to the other world, holding our "converse



high" with the purity and peacefulness of those who

"— are at rest :

We may not stir the heaven of their repose

By rude invoking voice, or prayer, address'd

In waywardness, to those

Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,

And hear the fourfold river, as it murmurs by.

"They hear it sweep

In distance, down the dark and savage vale ;

But they at rocky bed, or current deep,

Shall never more grow pale ;

They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know

How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

"And soothing sounds

Blend with the neighboring waters as they glide ;

Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,

Angelic forms abide,

Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,

The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant above."

Beseeching God that we, and "all they  
which be of the Mystical Body of His Son,

may altogether be set on His right hand" in the day when "He cometh with ten thousands of his saints,"

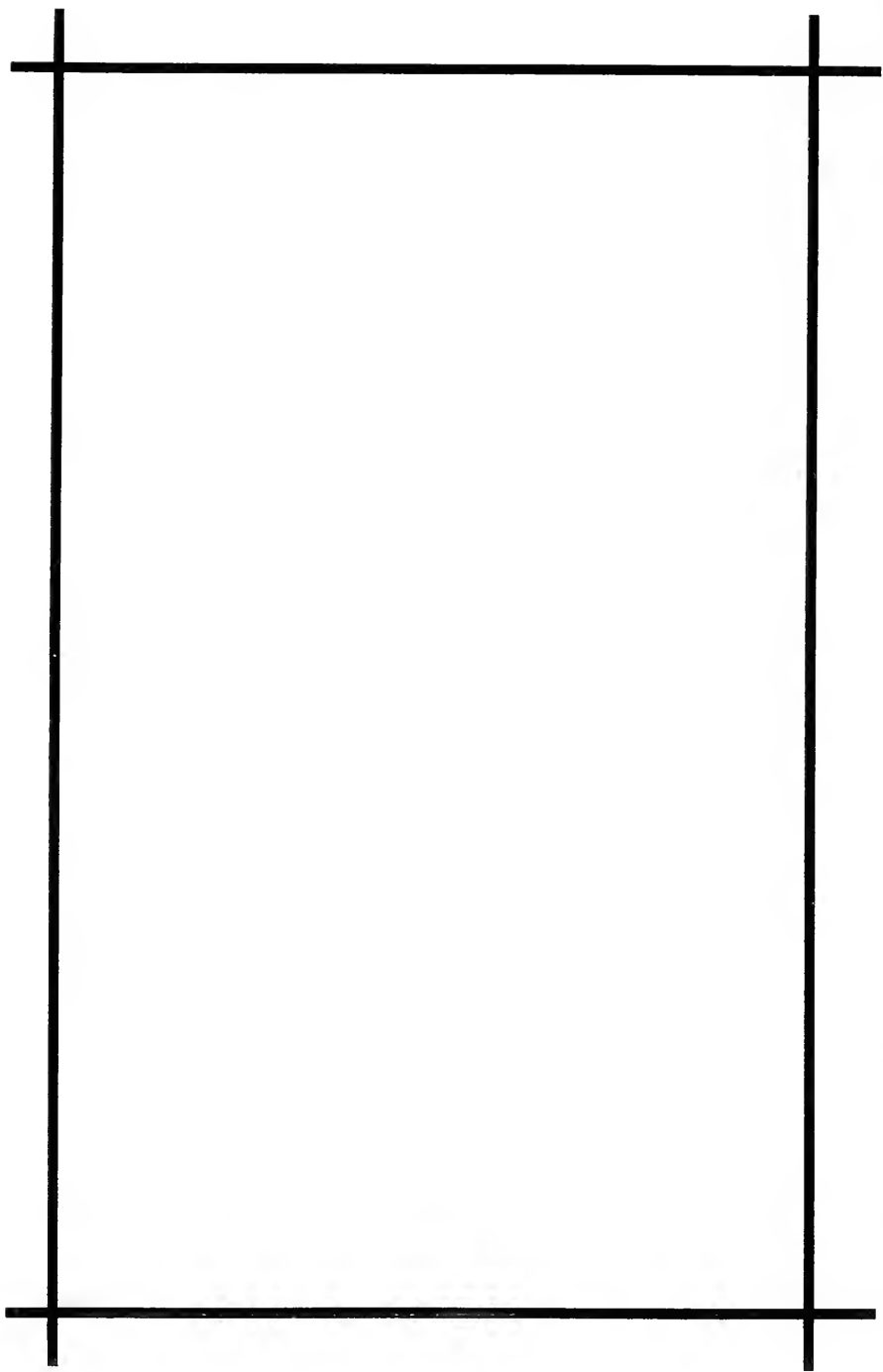
I am, my dear Mr. PERRY,

Your very faithful friend,

WM. CROSWELL DOANE.

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## “She is not Dead.”

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“‘SHE is not dead,’ but only lieth sleeping

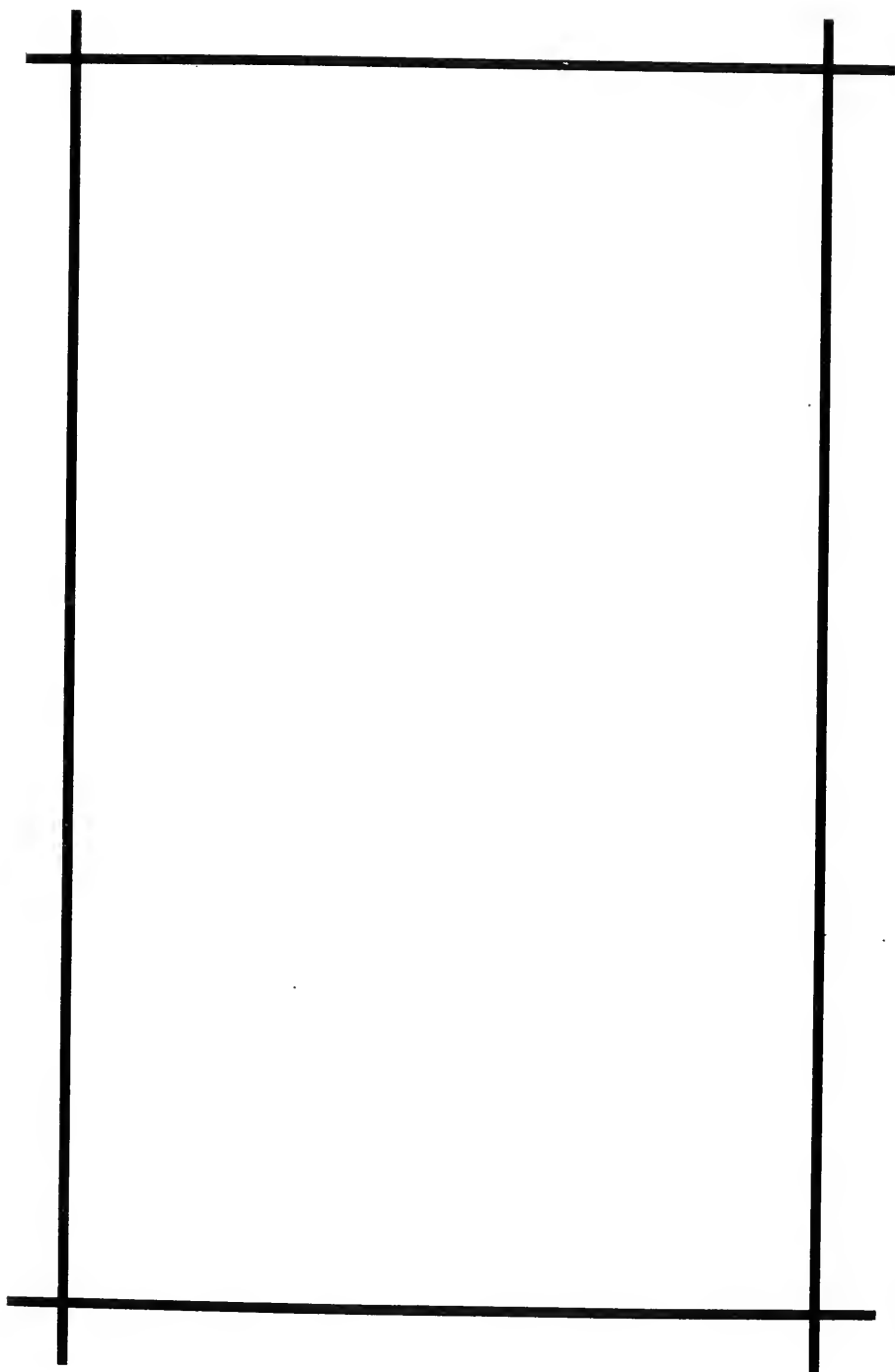
In the sweet refuge of her Master’s breast ;  
And far away from sorrow, toil, and weeping,  
‘She is not dead,’ but only taking rest.

What though the highest hopes she dearly cherished,  
All faded gently as the setting sun ;  
What though our own fond expectations perish,  
Ere yet life’s noblest labor seemed begun ;

What though she standeth at no earthly altar,—  
Yet, in white raiment, on the golden floor,  
Where love is perfect and no steps can falter,  
She shineth glorious for evermore !

O glorious end of life, short day of sadness !  
O blessed course, so well and nobly run !  
O home of true and everlasting gladness !  
O crown unfading ! and so early won !


Though tears will fall, we bless thee, O our Father !  
For the dear one forever with the blest,  
And wait the Easter dawn when thou shalt gather  
Thine own, long-parted, to their endless rest.”



from Rev. C. Fay,

Late Pastor of the Unitarian Society in Woburn, Mass.

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 MY acquaintance with the late Mrs. PERRY began immediately after my installation as pastor of the Unitarian Society in Woburn, Mass., in 1864. I found her occupying a conspicuous position in the parish, and also in the community. She was a most faithful and indefatigable teacher in my Sunday School, where she made herself so agreeable and attractive that her class was always crowded. Requests frequently came from the children themselves that they might

be placed under her instruction, probably because, like those of riper years, they felt her spirit to be peculiarly genial.

Her influence was also very appreciable throughout the entire parish, and in every department where a refined and pure-minded Christian woman could be expected to work. Remarkably quick and delicate in her sensibilities, exquisite in taste, generous and sympathetic almost to a fault, and in circumstances which enabled her to gratify, in some degree, the impulses of her noble nature, she came at length to be expected wherever æsthetic fingers, or a soothing magnetic touch, or gentle words, or a bright and genial presence, or kindly offices, were needed. If preparation was to be made for a Sunday School pic-nic, or a committee raised for special work in the parish, or the weary hours of protracted convalescence beguiled



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by encouraging words or appropriate reading, or a mother relieved of anxious watching for an hour or a night, or the loved remains of a child prepared for sepulture, or eyes blinded with the tears of fresh misfortune directed to the silver lining of the blackened cloud, if the aged were to be made to forget their increasing infirmities, or the young needed assistance in their innocent amusement, or children instruction in their sports and pastimes, MRS. PERRY was expected to render signal service.

With a bright and cheerful countenance, and manners instinctively and remarkably graceful, a heart overflowing with kindness, and a voice tremulous with tenderness and sympathy, she was cordially welcomed by all classes to whatever place in their company she chose to occupy. All social gatherings were enlivened, and all legitimate enjoyment was stimulated, by her

presence. Indeed, I am confident that no other person in the town had the *entrée* of so many homes, or received in so large a measure the love and confidence of the people.

Her delicate and unremitting attention to her parents, the tenderness in the tones of her voice whenever she spoke of her mother, her affectionate solicitude for her brothers and sisters, the purity, depth, and constancy of her friendships, her utter self-abnegation in the service of others, and the evident gratification she experienced in her numberless and various ministries of genuine kindness, all bore testimony to the superior qualities of her mind and heart.

Such was her open, public, every-day life—the well-ripened and aromatic fruit of a tree whose roots were watered. many of her most intimate friends knew not how. But *I* knew

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her also through such interviews as souls whose "*life is hid with Christ in God*" often seek with their pastors and spiritual guides. And now that she is with the angels, it can be no betrayal of confidence to say that I never watched over the beginning and development of a true Christian consciousness with greater interest or satisfaction. Through the summer of 1864 she came very frequently to my study for such advice and instruction as a soul in the freshness and intensity of its new-born spiritual aspiration often needs. And finally the words of Jesus, "*My peace I give unto you,*" became luminous and full of meaning to her. Thenceforth her soul was full of light, and joy and peace.

And here I must say that which has been struggling in my heart since I took up my pen, to get itself spoken in some way,<sup>4</sup> that

those who knew only her outward life may now know the source of the remarkable serenity, self-poise, purity, kindness, gentleness, and the manifold winning grace which made her so dear to a very large circle of friends. At the close of our interviews she frequently said to me, with characteristic delicacy, and fear to trench upon the rights of others, "*If it will not encroach too much upon your time I should like to have you pray with me before I go.*" And there in my study we often knelt and prayed together, till

"Earth did seem baptized of Heaven,  
And all within was peace,"

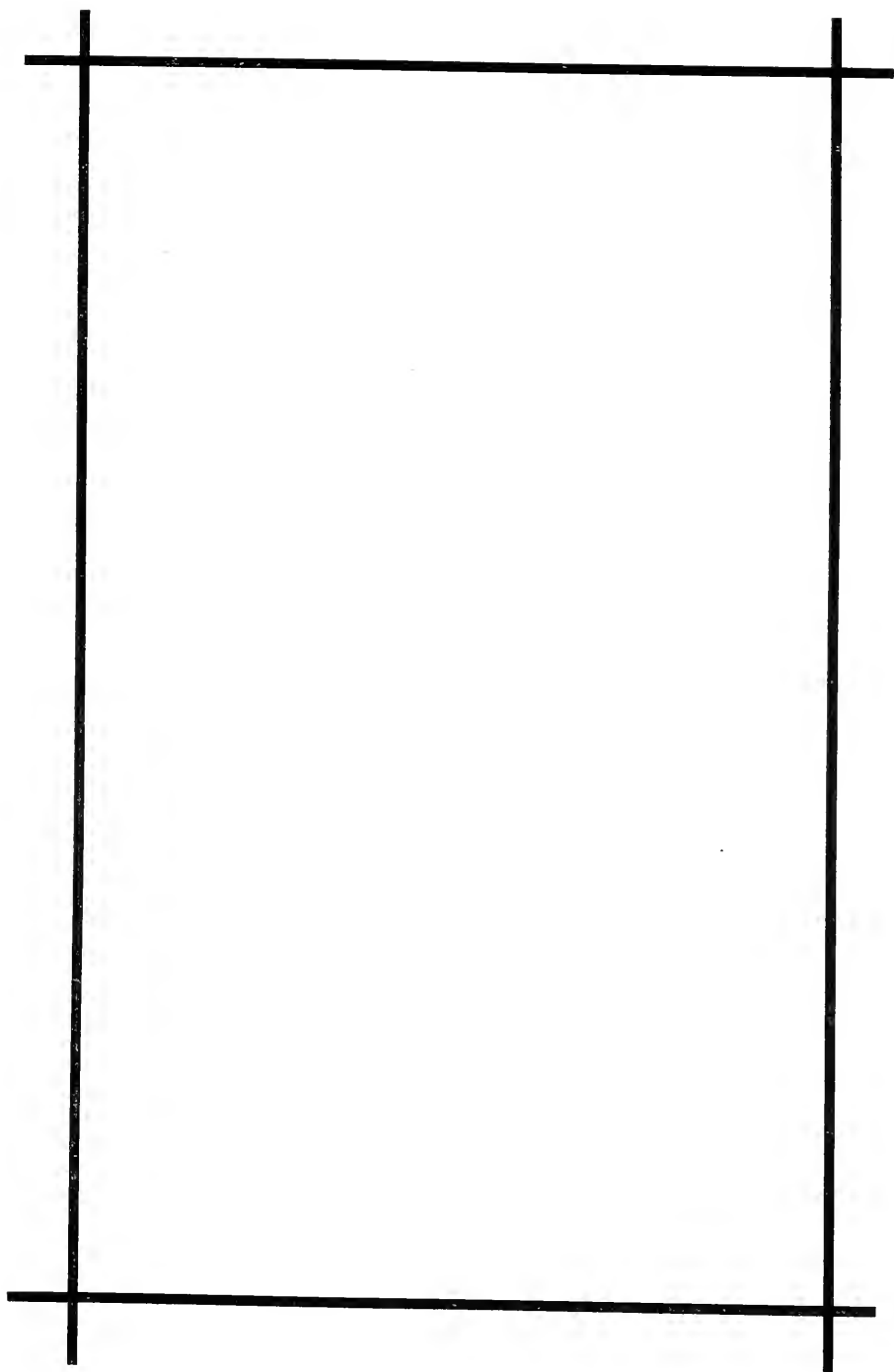
It was the mingling of the Divine in a noble type of the human that gave her pre-eminent grace and loveliness.

When the day came for her to unite with the Church, according to her own request, and

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she stood alone at the altar, a sweet solemnity filling all the place, and her countenance radiant with her new and precious faith and hope, while tears of holy joy fell from her closed eyes, I felt, as the baptismal water touched her forehead, that I, more than she, received the blessed grace of consecration.

She remained a faithful member of the Church till she removed from the town, and often spoke to me of the great joy she had experienced and the assistance she had derived from having associated herself with the disciples of Christ. And when she left for her new home in Albany, N. Y., my society lost one of its truest friends, and the town one of its brightest ornaments.

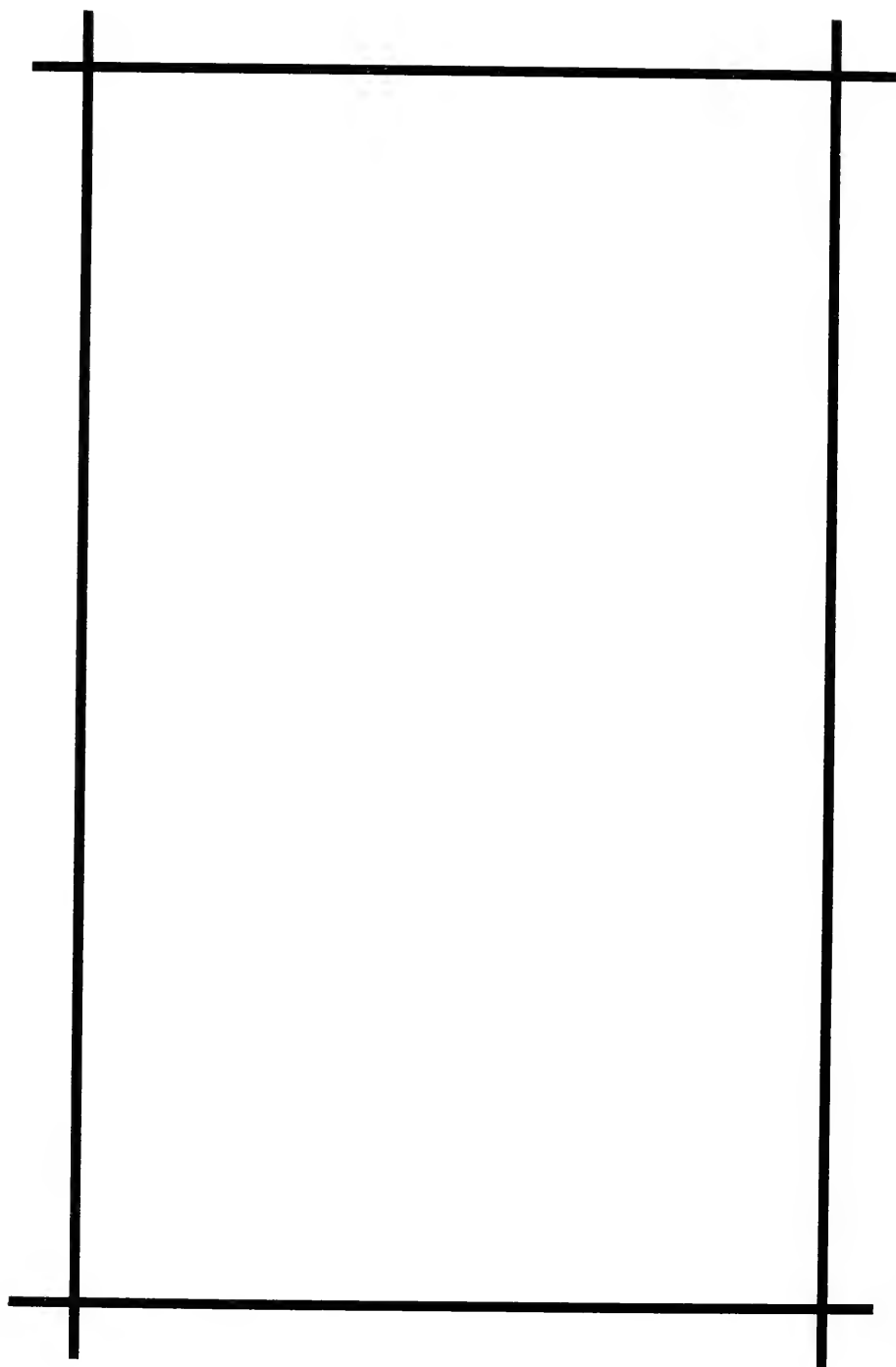


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“Smitten friends

Are angels, sent on errands full of love ;  
For us they languish, and for us they die :  
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ?  
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov’ring shades,  
Which wait the silent revolution in our hearts ?  
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address ;  
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer ?  
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow’d graves,  
Tread under foot their agonies and groans ;  
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?”

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From Rev. E. B. Russell,

Albany, N. Y.

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THE chaplet of loving remembrance placed upon the bier of one so endeared to all her friends, is laid there reverently and tenderly, with the one thought of the beautiful memory Mrs. PERRY leaves with us, and in her home here. For her home *now* is beyond—in Paradise; though it seems as if her presence yet lingered in the dwelling that she so lately graced. Still abiding in those rooms, and more lovely than the flowers laid in gentle tribute upon her form, that bright

presence seems absent for only a little while, a brief space of time, and not gone forever.

The thought of her is indeed beautiful. We remember so many kind and gentle deeds; we remember the unflinching courtesy and grace; we hear again the words that revealed the inner spirit as a pure shrine of noble and elevated thought, as of Christian faith and impulse also. We connect with her memory every refining and exalting association; and should we presume in this hour—made sacred by grief—to lift the veil that separates the household from the world, we should behold there the traces of deep and sincere affection, unselfish devotion, and tender care.

But all these things are well remembered by those who have seen and known her partially or intimately. The experience of her goodness and gentleness we can not forget. The

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thought of her may not be otherwise than this, and we believe that she was most dear unto Him, who hath called her unto Himself, perfecting her through suffering, and hath now given unto her the crown for the cross.

We must revere that dispensation which seems so mysterious, and is so touching in its sadness. Could we see more clearly through the tears which have been sanctified by Christ's own sorrows, we should more firmly tread the way of grief, where now, through our humanity, we falter. But we will say with Him who often wept and often sorrowed, "Thy will be done!" We will endeavor to feel that He will impart His own divine consolation to those who suffer most from the severity of this affliction, and that in their distress His spirit will give them peace.

So would she desire us to feel, whose spirit, forsaking its earthly tabernacle, rejoices now in

the smile of God, in the holy habitation of the just and good. The tranquillity of her final moments on the earth, the peace which succeeded physical pain, and the beauty of her transition from this world to the higher life of the soul in Paradise, are now completed. Enshrined in the memory, her remembrance is to be a living power, leading us nearer each day to the home where she now dwells, and the God whom she ever adores.

If the days of earthly sunshine and joy seem destined to be clouded suddenly, and the heart, gladdened by a presence of light and loveliness, finds that presence is withdrawn as in a moment, leaving a blank behind, we are not left comfortless. The Divine sympathy is ours, and the assurance of the Divine love in our desolation. Believing this, let us think of the happy spirit that has entered sooner than

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we into the joy of the Lord, and would send upon us its blessing of peace.

Nor can we forget the sacred scene when, by the dead form of the mother, her infant child was consecrated unto Christ in Baptism, and the words of dedication spoken over a new life were mingled with the dirge over one departed. The baptism of the child at the bier of the mother was a token of the unbroken link in the Communion of Saints. A life but just begun, and one just ended here, were reunited in the Faith of Jesus. And thus, through the mystery of the shadow of death, the hand of the child clasped its mother's, and both were one in Christ.

At the grave of the departed and beloved friend, wife, and mother, let us consecrate our sorrow through resignation and faith: looking forward, "in the hope of a blessed immor-

talities," to that reunion which we pray for and expect when the day of the Lord shall come even unto us.

Till then may faith and resignation be to us as the two angels which stood by Jesus' sepulchre. Their message is the same. It tells of trial, but of triumph also : directing us beyond this life, and saying, "*Not here, but risen !*"

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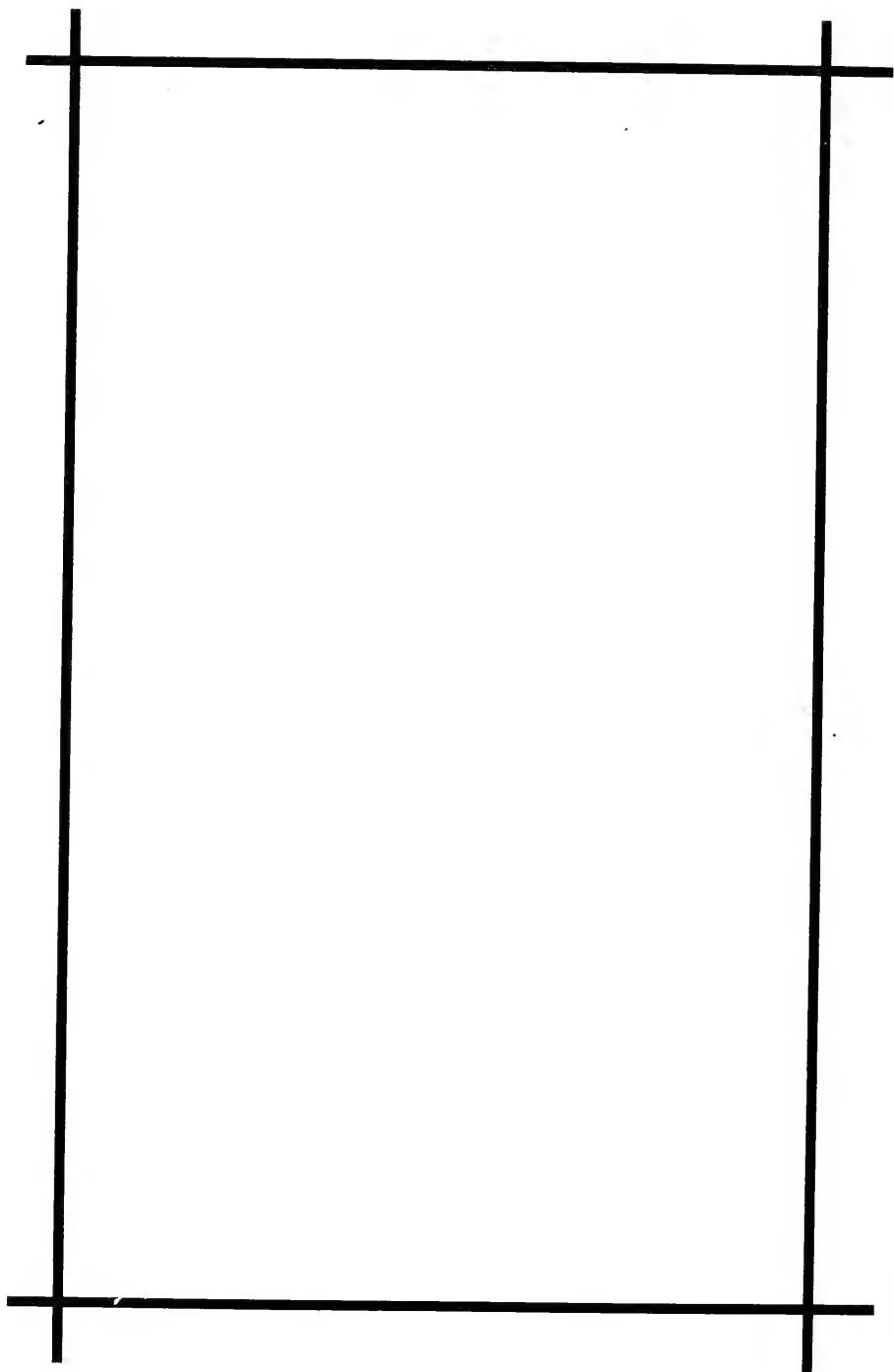
## Reunion.

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“Ah, no! the universe is not a dream;  
This life is not a fragment cast aside;  
Each is a part of the eternal scheme  
By which a better life to this is tied.  
Departed spirits do but soar above  
The lost on earth; the dear ones whom we love  
Wait till we stand, uprisen, by their side.

O, blessed promise which the Saviour gave:  
Thou fillest us with rapture ever growing;  
Thou shinest over every loved one's grave  
On which our sorrowing tears are sadly flowing;  
Thou guidest our weary souls along the road  
That leads us heavenward, through faith, to God,  
And to a union which no end is knowing.”

ZSCHOKKE.





## Ladies' Protestant Union Aid Society.

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Resolutions upon the Death of Mrs. Perry.

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AT a Meeting of the LADIES' PROTESTANT UNION AID SOCIETY, held at their rooms July 1st, the intelligence of the death of their former Secretary, Mrs. JOHN S. PERRY, was received with emotions of deepest sorrow.

In consideration of her connection with this Society, and sharing with her family in this crushing bereavement, it was unanimously

**Resolved,** That the death of Mrs. PERRY is the first missing link in the chain that has bound us together in Christian action since the commencement of this Association. That we would remember with devout gratitude the protecting care of God in preserving us an unbroken band.

**Resolved,** That we hold in loving and grateful remembrance her valuable services and heart-felt co-operation while permitted to remain with us; and that in the death of Mrs. PERRY the Church will miss a shining star, society the embodiment of culture and refinement, the poor a sympathizing, helping friend—for her “words dropped as an honey-comb, and her lips distilled as the dew”—while to her immediate family remains *the* sorrow, so touching, so tender, so *holy*, too, that the “*stranger* may not intermeddle therewith.” And, though we would not be intruders upon the sacredness of sorrow so hallowed, we would still extend our *united, heart-felt* sympathy, and so with them commit the precious deposit to the earth, “dust to dust—ashes to ashes,” assured that, in the last general resurrection, she will spring to newness of life, clothed with the glory that fadeth never.

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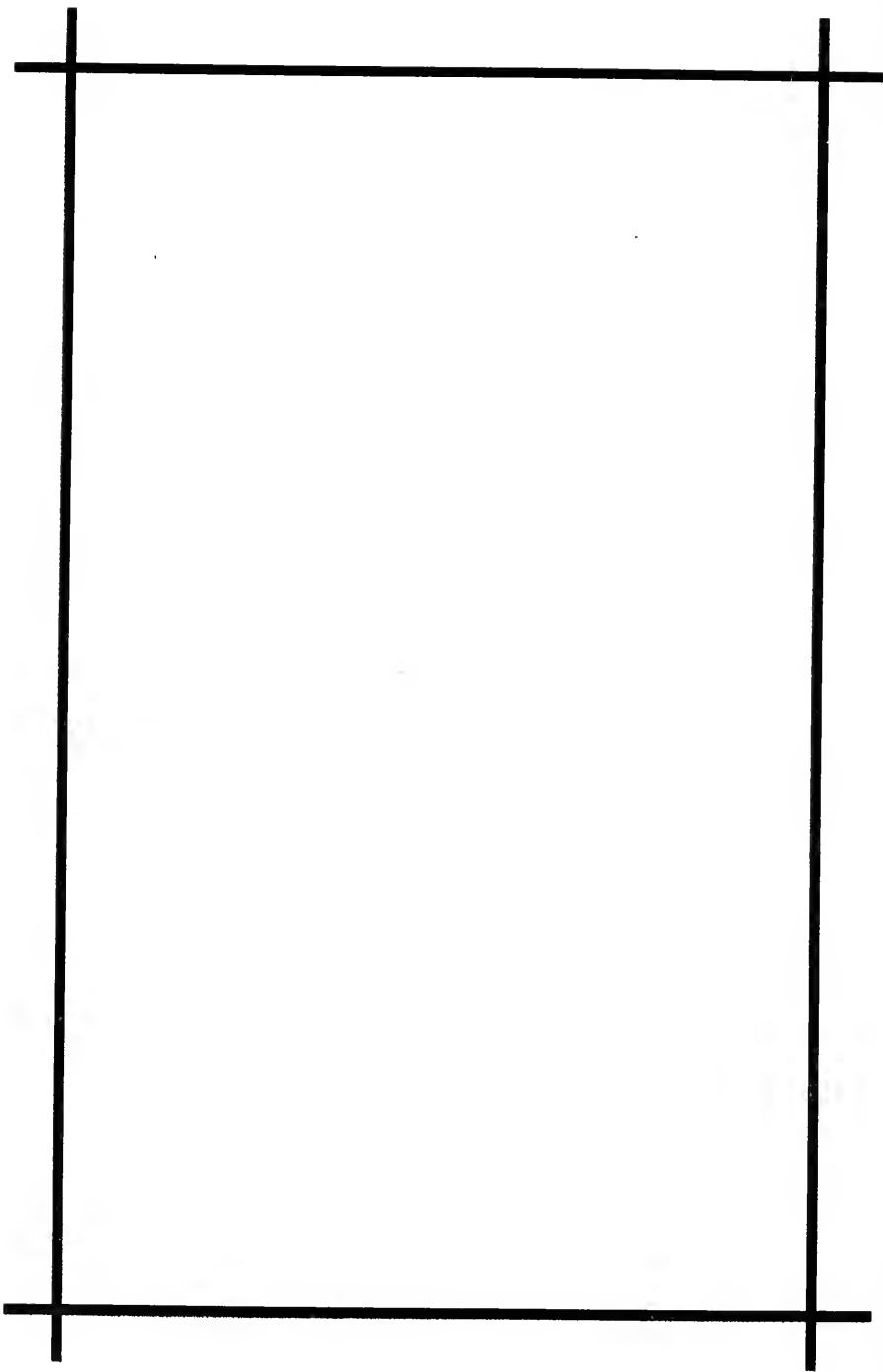
**Also Resolved,** That a copy of said resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased friend, and recorded on the minute roll of this Association.

By order of Committee,

CAROLINE E. BATCHELDER.

*July 1st, 1869.*

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From E. W. B. Canning,

Stockbridge, Mass.

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For my Friend, John S. Perry, whose heart knows a peculiar sorrow.

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"Thy speech shall whisper out of the dust,"—Is. xxix., 4.

Who may know but in the slumbers  
Of the night that fall on men,  
Walking in prophetic numbers,  
Long lost voices speak again?  
Whisperings of loved communion  
With the friends of former times,  
Ere Death sundered here their union,  
Calling to a better clime.

Who hath heard not words of gladness,  
Pleasant tones of long ago,  
Murmured in the sleep of sadness,  
Such as day-dreams never know ?  
Spirits ministrant are around us,  
Stooping oft from homes above ;  
Hath this Earth's dark thralldom bound us  
To forget that still they love ?

Softly thro' the midnight curtain  
Shalt thou hear the wonted tone  
Of the loved one—not uncertain—  
Once thy raptured soul that won.  
O, the loved do not forget us !  
Briefly from their spirit home,  
To our hearts where oft they've met us,  
Fondly still they love to come.

So believes your sympathizing friend,

E. W. B. C.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

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" Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

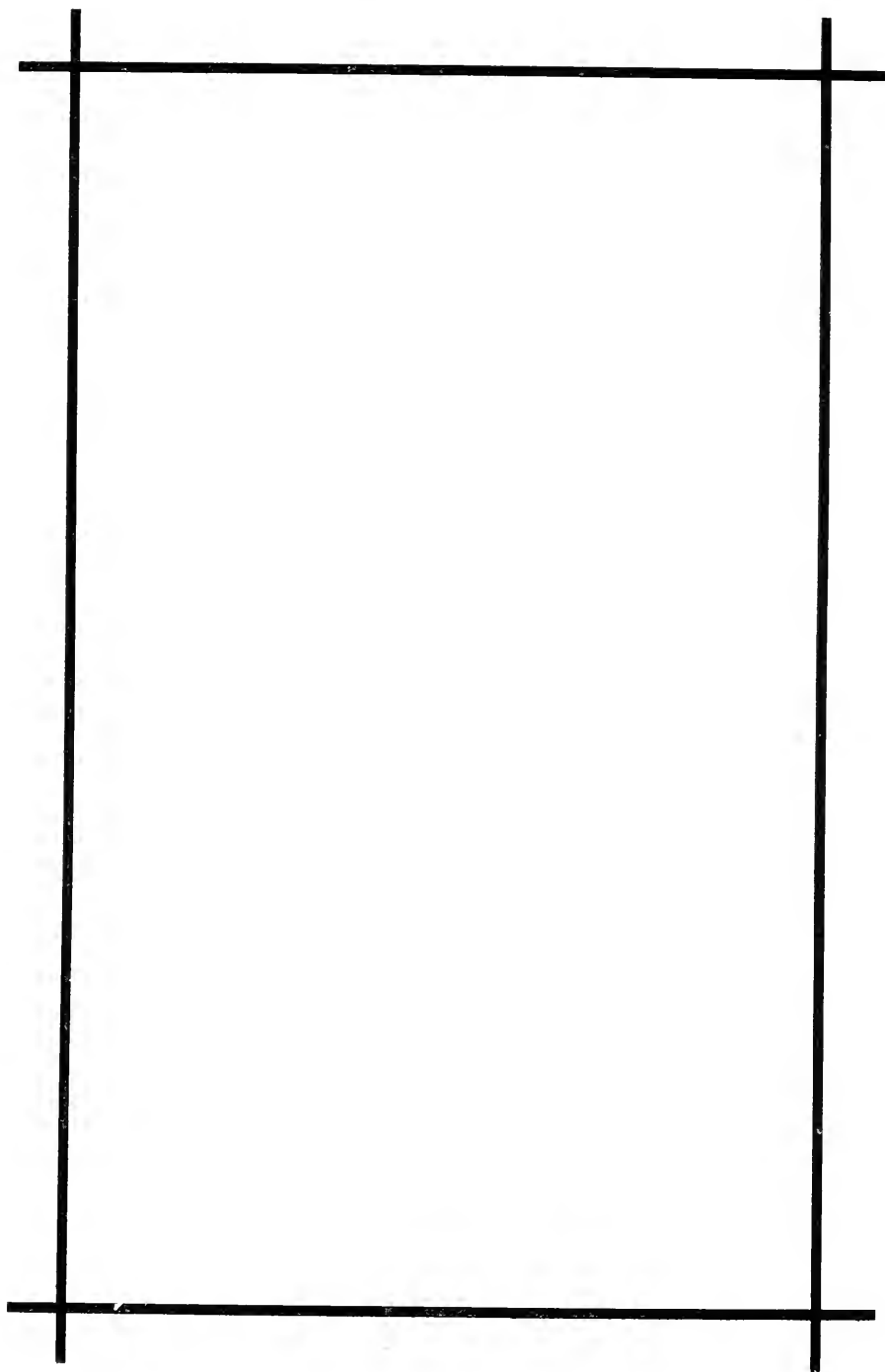
" Favour *is* deceitful, and beauty *is* vain : *but* a woman *that* feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.

" Give her of the fruit of her hands ; and let her own works praise her in the gates."—PROVERBS xxxi., 29-31.

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" And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the LORD God giveth them light ; and they shall reign for ever and ever."—REVELATIONS xxii., 5.

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## Death of Mrs. John S. Perry.

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From the Albany Evening Journal of July 6, 1869.

Wm. L. Stone, of New York.

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THE announcement of the death of Mrs. JOHN S. PERRY, which occurred last week at the residence of her husband, on Washington avenue, has fallen upon a large circle of relatives and friends with crushing force. It is a little more than two years since she came among us a bride ; and the kindly feeling which called forth a joyous welcome from her husband's friends, her winning ways soon changed into lasting

ties of love and friendship. It is on this account that a notice, somewhat more particular than the simple announcement of her death, will be grateful to those friends who cherish her memory with affectionate interest.

Although Mrs. PERRY had been confined to her bed for the last three weeks, her symptoms, until the day previous to her decease, were not considered alarming. Accordingly, on the evening of that day, her family, as they bade her good-night, thought that her recovery was near; but alas! the Death Angel was nearer! The following morning she was thought to be in a natural sleep; and her husband and sisters cherished the hope that she would awake refreshed. The dear one indeed slept, but it was a sleep that was soon to be eternal. The family physician, arriving soon after, pronounced the symptoms to be so unfavorable

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that the household were immediately summoned; and the beloved one, ministered to by loving hands, lingered on, giving no signs of consciousness until noon, when the twin Angels of Death and Sleep, locked together in a brotherly embrace, guided her spirit to its Heavenly home. Yet in her flight from earth she left behind, for the inexpressible joy of survivors, an expression of countenance so radiant and beautiful, that we almost hear a Heavenly voice saying to her, as in the Apocalyptic vision, "Come up hither."

Mrs. PERRY was from youth remarkable. From childhood she held rank with the first of her associates, maintaining her place as she grew up. In an intimate intercourse of years, we were constantly led to admire the purity and truthfulness of her character, and the extreme simplicity and artlessness in the midst

of so many worldly advantages. Gifted with intellectual powers of unusual keenness and discrimination, possessed of strong and unalterable affections, and manifesting on all occasions the warmest interest in the pursuits and welfare of her friends, she was ever a cherished and animated companion; and those who knew her most intimately, ever found her twining herself more closely about their affections, and rendering herself more essential to their happiness. Truly sincere and consistent in her regard, all felt that they might trust and confide in her with full confidence that they should receive a friendly response. Her love for the beautiful, whether in nature or in art, was preeminent. Like a highly-polished camera, sensitive to the slightest impressions, her mind received and retained whatever pleasing images passed across its surface; and this, united to

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high accomplishments and culture, added greatly to her powers of conversation, which, whether in discussion, in sympathy, or in satire, were of a superior order.

It was, however, in the home circle that she most shone. As a wife and mother she constantly sought to render her home attractive by all those domestic excellencies which a true woman knows so well how to adopt. Utterly unselfish, her highest pleasure seemed to consist in ministering to the happiness of the loved ones around her own hearth-stone; and those whose privilege it was to be present on these occasions will long recall her sprightly ways, her silvery laugh, and her many endearing arts which gave zest and charm to whatever occupied the passing moment. A liberal hospitality, also, was ever dispensed to friends beyond the home circle; and the mis-

tress of the mansion never seemed happier than when sharing with others the gifts that Providence had bestowed upon her.

In this tribute to the memory of a dearly-loved friend—the only one it is permitted us to pay—we should be doing injustice to the dead did we not allude to her Christian character. Although it was only within the last year that she connected herself with the Episcopal Church by confirmation, the delay arose from her high ideal of a professing Christian's walk and conversation, and an unjust depreciation of her own worthiness, rather than any shrinking from duty. But no one who knew of her unobtrusive but effective charities, her ministrations of love, and her own religious convictions confided to those who shared her confidence, can doubt that when, in that quiet sleep ere yet she

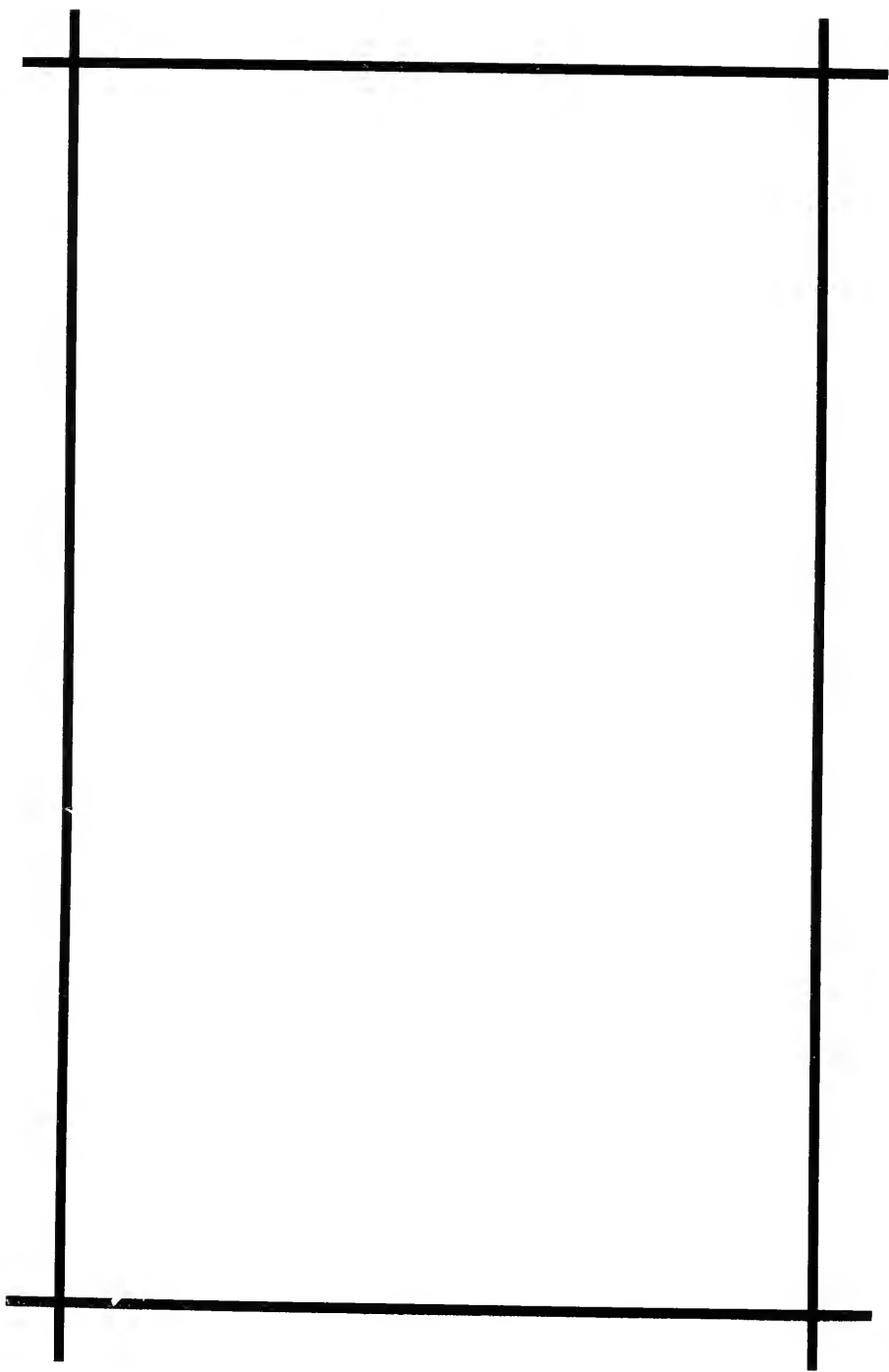
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was conscious of having entered the shadow, the veil, which hides the unseen world, was gently lifted, her Heavenly Father's hand was extended to take her to Himself.

Could the lovely and attractive graces of person and mind combined in her, could the deep grief of a mother's heart, could the anguish of a fond husband, the flowing tears of affectionate sisters and brothers, have stayed the shaft of death, then had not Mary died!

But she is gone ; and, like the short-lived splendors of the morning star, her path is lost in the brightness of the light which shuts her from our vision.

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From George M. Champney,

Woburn, Mass.

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Come, gather for me freshest flowers,  
Born 'mid dews and nursed by showers,  
For I would lay on that cold brow  
A garland of immortelles now.

But my lily is not so fair  
As that white forehead lying there ;  
My rose-bud has no tints so clear  
As ling'ring in that face appear.

Alas, my violets cannot tell  
The story of those calm eyes well,  
For veiling lash and closed lid  
Their beauty and their light have hid.

My pansies with bright hues inwrought  
May stand for all that's sweet in thought,  
But dyes so bright no flower can find  
As sparkled in that queenly mind.

And closed within that sleeping form  
Were soul so true and heart so warm,  
That flower nor gem can well express  
Their purity and loveliness.

O, can I think of this as death?  
Can never more reviving breath  
Renew this frame of finest mold  
With garnered joys so manifold?

Nor tears, nor prayers, could aught avail,  
Nor find repose within the veil;  
My saddened heart with grief o'ercast  
Must seek its solace in the past.

How turns my thought to childhood's days,  
Its sunny face and winning ways;  
Its radiant hope, its heart of bliss,  
Its tender love and wild caress.

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The child to maiden grows apace,  
While gathers thought within that face  
Where beaming eye and witching smile  
From all our hearts their love beguile.

Now in my thought fond mem'ry paints  
A woman walking 'mong the saints,  
Who shares the ills that others meet,  
And smooths the way for weary feet.

For not alone the rounded form,  
The cheek with bright carnation warm,  
The dewy eyes, the dimpled smile,  
So caught our love in bonds the while.

She fills anew the drainèd cup,  
And gently lifts the fallen up;  
She gives to saddened hearts a tear,  
And plants a joy where lived a fear.

O, could there be more tender wife?  
For, sounding deep the springs of life,  
She pours the joys of holy love  
On him whose life with hers doth move.

Could mother's heart more warmly beat ?  
Or childhood find so safe retreat,  
As on that calm and loving breast  
Where mirth or sadness sink to rest ?

Could friendship find more fitting place  
To meet in true and warm embrace,  
Than in that soul whose sense refined  
Charms and exalts each kindred mind ?

Or where were faith and hope more bright,  
As gleaming through the darkling night,  
They make of earth a home more fair,  
And rise to heaven's serener air ?

Love, truth, and purity, these three  
Are heirs of immortality !  
For such as these there is no death,  
And what seems loss of vital breath,  
Is but a new and higher birth  
To spheres more beautiful than earth.



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